

1600/1479.

A
P A I R

O F

LYRIC EPISTLES

T O

LORD MACARTNEY and his SHIP.

B Y

P E T E R P I N D A R, Esq.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG ;
Delicious subjects for an Epic Song !

EPISTLE to LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd !
Wide as a CHESHIRE CAT our Court will grin,
To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin.

EPISTLE to the SHIP.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

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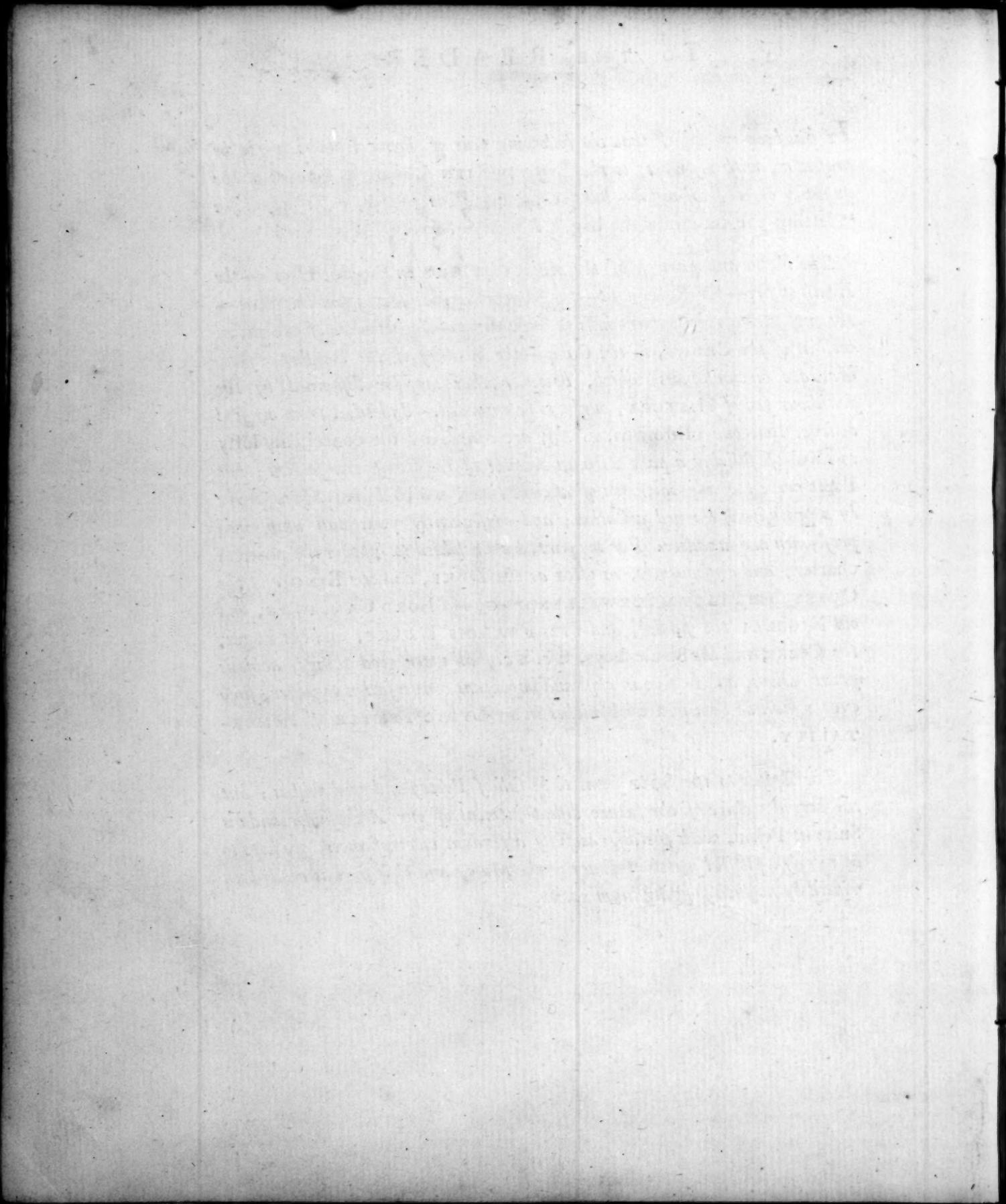


TO THE READER.

IT has been my wish, that the following pair of Lyric Epistles might be presented, with my Odes, to the Emperor KIEN LONG, on account of the quantity of original merit—but, to use a sublime phrase, as it would be “letting the cat out of the bag,” I have forborne.

The bustle and prowess of the invincible DUKE on Bagshot Heath—the Heath on fire—the Royal visit—the Man of Straw blown from the Mine—the explosion of the Powder-mills at Hounslow—the attention of GODS, as well as of the CROWS, to the Camp—the humility of the Bagshot bushes, &c. are circumstances which, however they may be disdained by the fastidious pen of HISTORY, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my soul believe, that our Historians, as they are called, are too conceitedly lofty to think of filling a page with an account of the Camp-transaction; but Poets were the only historians of ancient times, which I am ready to prove by a profusion of learned quotation; and consequently your dull uninspired prose-men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the poetical charter; and consequently, as often as the DUKE, and the KING and the QUEEN, and MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, and LORD CARDIGAN, and old NICOLAI the fiddler, and SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and the Pages, the Cooks, and the Stable-boys, &c. &c. shall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such events shall be honoured with niches in my LYRIC TEMPLE of IMMORTALITY.

The Epistle to the SHIP seems to be full of Poetry and good wishes; but the horrid picture of the future disappointment of our Ambassador and his Suite at Pekin, with the disgracefully attendant circumstances, we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of the Muse, and that she has really been visited by no such flogging illuminations.



A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

LORD *MACARTNEY*,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF *CHINA*.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* King,

Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,

Amid the wonders at SAINT JAMES's done ;

At House of BUCKINGHAM, in RICHMOND bow'rs,

At KEW, and lastly WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,

Rich scenes at once of *Majesty* and *Fun* ;

Forget not thou the *Camp* on BAGSHOT HEATH,

Where met the grimly regiments of death ;

B

Where

Where not the DEV'L their rage sublime could damp—
 Though HEAV'N, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
 Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
 And made the mighty heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG—
 Delicious subjects for the Epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-descended,
 On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
 When bold REBELLION through the nation ran ;
 Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
 To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
 That lo ! the *mightiest* *Monarch* was *but Man* !

Such soldiers ! such rare gen'rals ! no *poltroons*,
 Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons ;

Where,



Where, though those men like bacon all were smoak'd,
Not *one*, by God's good providence, was *choak'd*.

Of RICHMOND's mighty chieftain, RICHMOND speak—

“Now wet, a riding dishclout,” shalt thou say—
“Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,
“So val'rous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray !”

Talk to KIEN LONG about His GRACE's *soul* ;
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole !

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks disgrac'd ;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
 On FORTUNE how with fierce contempt I scowl !
 She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
 And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
 And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
 Thus crawls the TOAD amid the fairest flow'rs,
 And with the LILY drinks the dews of morn.

But royal RICHMOND honours exaltation—
 The pole-star of our military nation.
 How pleafant then to see a RICHMOND rise !
 Friend of a KING, and fav'rite of the SKIES !

CHARLES*, to support a bastard and a wh—,
 Impos'd a tax on coals, that starv'd the poor :

“ Those

* King of England, whose Mistress was a French woman, the *great*, *great*, and *illustrious* Ancestor of his present GRACE.

Those *sans-culottes*-men made the saddest din !

But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil* !

This deed of CHARLES is now a *white-wash'd* Devil—

Lo, RICHMOND casts a lustre round the sin !

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,

He sniggles *modest* MERIT from her hole !

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend ?

See ADMIRATION to his virtues bend ;

And lo, the scar-clad VETERAN adores !

While GLORY humbly kneeling to the skies,

With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,

A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that His Grace, ambitious of a name,

Is ever angling to catch Martial Fame :.

C.

And

And say too, how most fortunate the Duke,
 What noble fishes hang upon his hook ;
 Whilst *bumbler* mortals, lab'ring day and night,
 Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of VIRTUE is heav'n's *dew*,
 That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue—
 In VICE's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills :
 'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
 A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
 That NATURE's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your GOD,
 That RICHMOND holds the military rod :
 No *Janus* be, with *selfish* views to *rob*,
 And touch the Nation's pocket with a job†.

Yes,

† Witness the *convenient* house and gardens near Plymouth Dock,
 so *economically* built with the Public Money. The annals of honour
 furnish us not with a sublimer instance of *self-denial*.

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
 Talk of the bold transactions of the Peer ;
 And say, what probably he can't believe,
 That lo, the dauntless body of His Grace,
 In duels bor'd, has scarcely one sound place—
 A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve !

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check ;
 Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
 Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
 Thus VALOUR smiles at danger, death, and pain,
 And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
 Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear !

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale ;
 Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale ;

Struck

Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
 Who, spying such commotion in the land,
 Concluded some great matter was in hand,
 Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw ;
 Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe ;
 And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
 That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire*.

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
 Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration—
 So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look,
 To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day !
 Nothing to pay !

All

* This is a literal fact.

All the Duke's friends, great quality and small;

Our great King GEORGE, and lovely Queen,

Were entertain'd scot-free, I ween—

Our generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

And yet, when PARLIAMENT beholds the bill,

I think that Parliament, with much ill will,

May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,

This game of soldiers, such a *childish* play—

But let *me* answer PARLIAMENT, and say,

It was not *childish*, FOR IT PLEAS'D THE KING—

It made TOM PAYNE, the bull-dog, hold his tongue;

Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long!

Say, that the fun-like Duke shone forth so bright,

That PUNCH ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.

D

Say,

Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder ;
 Say, how the sympathising grain, with sound,
 Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
 Defying the *bold* THUNDER to roar louder !

Say, that immortal CÆSAR* trod the place
 Now fiercely gallop'd over by His Grace.

Say, that the GODS beheld him from on high—
 That, to the Lord of battles†, with a sigh,
 Thus spoke the MONARCH of the clouds—“ Son MARS,
 “ Had TROY posses'd a hero like the Duke,
 “ With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,
 “ Our CITY had been safe amidst her wars.
 “ Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the DUKE,
 “ And beg a lesson from the HERO's book.”

Lord !

* JULIUS CÆSAR was most certainly at BAGSHOT.

† Mars.

Lord! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
 Was so inspir'd, so val'rous, and so hot;
 How had this Duke the sons of battle sham'd,
 'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg'd with *shot*!

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
 Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
 Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
 Smutty as blacksmiths look'd the heav'nly Pow'rs;
 And that the MAN of *straw*‡ (a thought how bright!)
 Flew up, and put their GODSHIPS in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
 That, at the distance of a mile,
 His GRACE, a skull that powder wants, can note;
 (Which, when it happens, let that skull beware)

See

‡ It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their Majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a *new* idea.

See too a club with *one* disorder'd hair,

And mark *one* spot of grease upon a *coat*.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly unchaste,

'Till RICHMOND usher'd in the morn of taste!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,

We hope to see a book on *reputation*,

Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame†;

That *private* only damns a noble name.

Thus the poor NYMPH, too easy to contend,

Who blushing sins in secret with a friend,

Shall be a viler hussey than the woman

Who hangs her lips like cherries out for sale,

And shews her bosom's lilies, to regale

Each grazing beast that offers—quite a COMMON.

“ Why

† The Reader is desired to ask Lord LAUDERDALE concerning this matter.

“ Why should I say all this unto the King ? ”

Thou cryest, O MACARTNEY.—Good may spring :

It may unto thine embassy give weight,

By putting great KIEN LONG into a fright.

“ Who knows,” KIEN LONG may whine with rueful face,

“ But all the rank and file are like His GRACE—

“ Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne :

“ For troops like RICHMOND, that on valour feast,

“ May, like wild meteors, pour into mine East,

“ And leave my palace neither stick nor stone ;

“ Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—

“ In Britain breakfast, and in China sup.”

TO THE S H I P.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
 Success attend our COURT's delightful whim ;
 And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board ;
 With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
 Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
 And greet of CHINA the Imperial Lord.

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at CANTON :
 I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation-gun ;
 I see thy streamers wanton in the gale ;
 I see the fallow natives crowd the shore,
 I see them tremble at thy royal roar ;
 I see the very MANDARINES turn pale.

Pagodas

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
 So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow ;
 Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-chan ;
 Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raise ;
 Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
 With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
 Hang by your tails, and all the branches load ;
 Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
 And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-fi, O croak from pools of green ;
 Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene ;
 Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig ;
 Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pastures prance ;
 Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance ;
 And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark,

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
 The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
 All proudly rolling to PE-KIN's fair town ;
 And lo, arriv'd, I see the Emp'ror stare,
 Deep marv'ling at a sight so very rare ;
 And now, ye Gods ! I see the EMP'ROR *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror say,
 " Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray ?"
 And now I hear aloud MACARTNEY cry,
 " EMP'ROR, my COURT, inform'd that you were rich,
 " Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
 " Across the eastern ocean bade me fly ;
 " With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
 " And gimcracks rare for China-Man and Tartar.

" But

“ But presents, presents are the things we mean :

“ Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious QUEEN*,

“ Big as one’s fist or so, or somewhat bigger,

“ Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—

“ A petticoat of whom each poet sings,

“ That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.

“ Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—

“ These give not half the toil we find in trade.”—

On which th’ astonish’d Emp’ror cries, “ Odsfish !

“ Presents !—present the rogues the Bastinade.”

Stern RESOLUTION’s eye, that flash’d with fate,

At danger cow’ring, wears a wither’d look ;

Palsy’d his sinewy arm, where vengeance fate,

Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—

His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill ;
 Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread MACARTNEY stare ;
 Behold him seiz'd, his seat of honour bare ;
 The bamboo sounds—alas ! no voice of Fame :
 Stripp'd, schoolboy-like, and now I see his Train,
 I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
 And, like his LORDSHIP's, blush with blood and shame.

Ah ! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
 And collar blue, around their pretty necks ?
 Ah ! what the *epaulettes*, that roast the eye,
 And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex* ?
 Heav'n ! if KIEN LONG resolves upon their stripping,
 These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
 I see the mighty EMP'ROR gravely place
 Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—
 And now I hear the solemn EMP'ROR say,
 “ ‘Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay ;
 “ Now, children, ye may all go home agen.”

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,
 How in old England wilt thou show thy face ?
 I fear thy visage will be wond'rous long.
 Know, it may happen—Ministers and Kings,
 Like common folk, are fallible—poor things !
 Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd—
 Lo, like a Cheshire cat our COURT will grin !

How

How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin !

THE END.

